

The history

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch egge.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from Queene *Hec:b*;

A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue sworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, fayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My maior vow lies here; this ile obay,

Come, come, *Thersites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.

Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two
may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud
they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an ho-
nest fellow inough, and one that loues quailles, but hee has
not so much braine as care-wax, and the goodly transfor-
mation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue statue,
and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne
in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,
turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and
Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be
a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule,
a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,
but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske
me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to
be the Loue of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day
sprites and fires.

Enter *Agam*: *Ulysses*, *Nest*: and *Diomed* with lightes.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.

Hell. It trouble you.

Ajax. No not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So now faire Paine of Troy, I bid God night,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks and good night to the Greekes generall.

Menel. Good night my Lord.

Hell.

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Hell. Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or
tarry. *Aga*. Good night. *Exeunt Agam: Menelaus*.

Achil. Old *Nector* carries, and you to *Diomed*.

Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.

Hell. Giue me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, ile keepe you
company. *Troy*. Sweet sir you honor me?

Hell. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt*.

Ther. That same *Diomed* a false hearted roague, a most vn-
iust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I
will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and
promise like brabler the hound, but when he performes, *As-*
tronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some
change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed*
keepees his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not
to dog him, they say hee keepees a Trojan drab, and vses the
traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after---nothing but litchery all in-
continent varlots. *Enter Diomed*.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake? *Chal*. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Ulyss. Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid*.

Dio. How now my charge.

Cres. Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea so familiar?

Ulyss. Shee will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if hee can take her Cliff,
she's noted. *Dio*. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember yes:

(your words,

Dio: Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with

Troy. What shall she remember. *Ulyss*. List?

Cres. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.

K₂

Ther.